

# Boston Latin School REGISTER



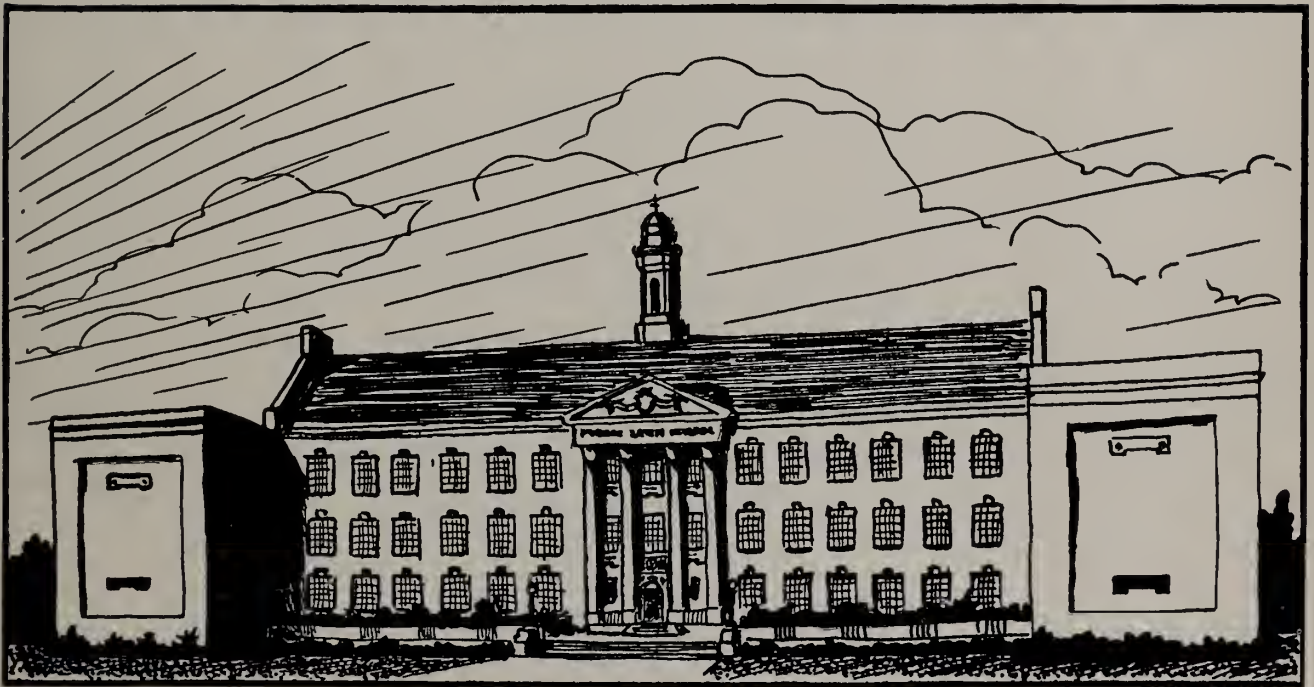


Medalist



Award

# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



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## *The Fall of a Gladiator*

BERNARD V. NOLAN, '57

IN pompous splendor sat Rome's wicked emperor, his fat hands rending leaves from an olive branch as if they were his unwilling subjects. Wistfully he gazed at the immense throng in the wind-swept colosseum. To the left of the hated monarch sat Avitus, the omnipresent leech who had attached himself to Rome's most despised man many years before and had gladly carried out every loathsome order. To his right sat Probus, son of the obese monarch — a tall, strong lad of twenty-one, whom the Emperor loved deeply and who remained as the cruel ruler's last attachment to the world of decency.

Impatient with the delay in the gory proceedings, the emperor, with his massive arm upon his son's shoulder, inquired in a whisper who the next combatants were to be.

"Parthius, our champion of the broadsword, will be met by a captured barbarian called Thor," replied Probus. "He has conquered his every antagonist in the caestus competition in lesser cities, and it was hoped that his first contest here would be one of the caestus; but we were unable to find a contender skilled enough to compete with him. To be in his place, with a chance to show my skill as a gladiator, I would gladly give up my future as emperor of Rome."

The Emperor's sides shook with a resounding laugh as he turned and replied, in boisterous tones, "Last month, Probus, you reached your twenty-first year. For five years now you have plagued me with the ridiculous idea that you enter competition in the arena. Are you yet unable to realize that such sport is for barbarians and the scum of my empire? I will listen to no more of this nonsense!"

A hoarse cheer rose from the restless throng as, from each end of the blood-stained arena, a figure appeared: one, the veteran gladiator Parthius — a man of tremendous stature, strength, and courage; the other, Thor — a tall, muscular young man scarcely twenty-one. Both carried massive swords and, as their only protection, heavy iron shields.

Both advanced slowly and deliberately



toward the center of the arena. Parthius swung his huge sword in a mighty arc high above his head and smote a thunderous blow upon the shield of Thor. Thor retaliated with a blow of little less force. Time and again the scene repeated itself, each antagonist subtly feinting and dodging to avoid the whistling blade of the other. Before long the battle raged with in feet of the emperor and his companions.

Finally, Parthius, after raising his sword menacingly above his head, brought it down with such speed and force that Thor was unable to raise his shield for protection and scarcely had time to block the blow with his sword. As it was, Thor was thrown to the ground, his shield atop him, and left stunned and unmoving.

Four times previously on that day, under similar circumstances, the cruel monarch had pronounced the death sentence upon unfortunate gladiators by turning his thumb to the ground — the signal for their victors to finish their lives, since the Emperor had determined that their defeat rendered them useless and, therefore, not worthy of life.

Parthius cast his eyes toward his master, to find what his wish might be — was it to be life or death for the barbarian? Once again, ignoring the brilliant performance



and courage of the fallen gladiator, he returned the verdict of death. Parthius sadly removed the shield from the inert body of his former antagonist, raised his sword high above his head, and prepared to deliver the fateful blow.

"Hold!" roared the Emperor savagely. For thirty seconds every eye remained fixed upon the flushed face of the evil despot. Meanwhile, at the feet of the startled Parthius, Thor had begun to come to and had raised himself upon one elbow.

The emperor leaned over and whispered lengthily into the ear of Avitus. The leech glanced up with knitted brow. "Come here, where your master can see you better, scoundrel," he bellowed. Thor arose, still unsteady from the force of the great blade, and stepped before the stone-faced monarch.

"Scoundrel," growled the tyrant, "I find myself confronted by a youth of remarkable likeness to my own son. Unworthy as you are to bear a face like that of a youth of royal lineage, I find myself in such a stupidly generous and sentimental mood that I am unable to order your death. Remember, however, that it is unlikely that you will ever again enjoy the advantages of such an unusual occurrence. Now go!"

In the weeks that followed, the cruel emperor had cause to rejoice in his decision, as Thor demonstrated amazing skill in the use of the caestus, unequaled by any gladiator ever to appear in the colosseum; but no matter how worthy his antagonist had been, death, by order of the Emperor, was his only reward.

The time inevitably arrived when there remained no man skilled enough to wear the caestus against Thor. The Emperor, unwilling to allow his most entertaining gladiator to remain idle, ruled that Thor forget the caestus and resume the mighty broadsword. Once again Thor would be matched against Parthius, undefeated champion of the broadsword.

The Emperor declared a holiday; and as the awaited moment approached, the colosseum was thronged with eager citizens, drawn by the promise of another tremendous battle. Once again, from one end of the arena stepped mighty Parthius. Once again, from the opposite end, stepped his young adversary. Once again they warily approached; and, once again, each blow echoed

and re-echoed against the walls of the colosseum until it was smothered by the crash of the next savage blow. Never before had such a battle been witnessed. With unbelievable stamina, the swordsmen battled on. Finally, the greater strength and experience of Parthius prevailed and the mighty gladiator once more found his antagonist at his feet.

A loud cheer arose from the throng, demonstrating their approval of both contestants. Since it was customary for an emperor to allow a brave, although defeated, gladiator to retain his life, it was unthinkable that after such a battle the young man would be ordered slain. Parthius, leaning wearily on the hilt of his immense sword, raised his eyes to bear on the emperor, seeking his decision. The crowd became hushed; every eye turned toward the conceited monarch. The emperor hesitated a moment and passed judgment — DEATH!

The multitude stood silent, shocked; and, in the next moment, the emperor was engulfed in a flood of curses and shouts of derision. Armed soldiers poured into the crowd, silencing outstanding offenders. Looking as though he might burst, the emperor rose, turned, and glared at the mob. He silenced the throng and gradually regained his composure.

On the field of battle, the sword of the shocked Parthius slowly rose and descended upon the body of the unconscious youth. The dead gladiator was removed, and the games continued.

A few moments later, the leech, Avitus, appeared, seated himself, and greeted the tyrant. "I suppose," he ventured, "you are aware that last night one of the gladiators escaped? Well, you may set your mind at ease; for my alert soldiers have recaptured the dog."

"Oh?" answered the inattentive emperor. "I was not even aware there had been an escape. Who was the traitor?"

"What's that?" gasped the startled Avitus. "Why, surely you missed him from the games! Early this morning my men captured the barbarian, Thor, about to leave the city. The scoundrel even had the audacity to claim that it was your son who had set him free in order to take the wretch's place at the hilt of a broadsword!"



## Poetry and Beauty

MARK JAY MIRSKY, '57

"POETRY" and "beauty" are words which are too often abused and misunderstood by students of English. Perhaps this comes about because we do not think in words. We begin in concepts and then try to put them into words, which is often very difficult; for words do not convey concepts easily. The aim of poetry is to provoke an emotional response in the reader. Rhythm, rhyme, imagery — all are methods of capturing the emotional reactions of the author and transferring them to the reader.

Beauty cannot be defined except by its effect upon the recipient. Things are classified as beautiful which provoke emotional response in the reader. Therefore beauty cannot be restricted to only pleasant or pleasing reactions. Likewise poetry has as much right to attempt to capture the unpleasant and grotesque elements of life. In its greatest sense, poetry is the materialization of emotion into communicable channels. Great books often unconsciously merge into poetry when the author's emotion transcends the limits of the book's scope.

Poetry is not always to be found in the exotic and alien elements of life. The truly great works of poetry — for poetry is the essential — the ethereal — the fiber of all works of art — leave one deeply impressed morally. By "morally" is meant that our whole sense of judgment has been touched and influenced by the strain of thought

which the poet has attempted to convey through his medium of expression.

Reaction to a great display of flowers in some horticultural show is often expressed in terms relating to "beauty." This thought by itself is a superficial reaction. For the fact that a dazzling number of colorful plants have been grouped together does not teach a moral, nor does it by itself affect our moral fiber. Aesthetic senses which are not moral are ultimately false and assumed. A single little violet, springing precariously from between a crack in a cement sidewalk, often brings forth the breathless admiration of the poet; and exuberant praises of its beauty may spring from his lips.

Is the single violet more beautiful than a thousand massed gardenias? Not by itself, but by the moral lesson it may stress! For the poet sees the battle of nature in the struggle of that violet, the conflict of civilization and the jungle. There is a poetry and valour in the battle between that thin purple sprig and the cement and steel of civilization which, is worthy of a heroic piece of art. There is a moral conflict, unending, complex, and savouring of the great mystery of existence.

Beauty cannot be defined in and of itself. It can only be measured by its effect upon an individual. A great work of poetry will inspire beauty or a moral reaction in the onlooker.

## An Answer to Poetry

HERBERT PAUL GINSBURG '57

I will readily agree that the aim of poetry is to provoke an emotional response in the reader. But is this emotional response, as the author of "Poetry and Beauty" asserts, always a response to "beauty"? Certainly not. Let me use an example to illustrate the reason for my disagreement.

On the bus to Dorchester two Latin School boys are reading the same bit of verse.

"This," says Jerry, "is a poem!" Larry agrees. Jerry then states, "This poem is beautiful." Larry says, "Naw, it's ugly."

Who is right? Both of them. But according to the author of "Poetry and Beauty," Larry is wrong; the ugly feeling aroused in Larry was not ugly, but beautiful-merely, "Poetry and Beauty" says, because it was a feeling. We cannot gener-

alize loosely about "beauty." We cannot designate as beautiful any emotional response, any jazz composition, any painting by Rembrandt. The final and irrevocable decision rests with the individual and with no one else.

I disagree also with the assertion that aesthetic senses which are not moral are false. Must poetry profess a moral? Can

we not accept in poetry beauty for beauty's sake? Even intellectuals must take some things at face value. They must recognize as beauty the comeliness of a girl's face or the rose in the field without straining their imaginations to seek out some hidden meaning. A moral or inference is not necessarily wrong; it may, in fact, improve a poem greatly; but it is certainly not a prerequisite.

## *Lines to R. Decartes, a Scholar* It's A' For A Rightfu' Cause

KENNETH R. BURNS '57

1.

O' ye say: *Cogito ergo sum*.  
On this ye build your plan—  
To enlighten every man—  
And show us who made the sun.

2.

But this I dinna ken—  
I dinna agree, I mean—  
For what o' the warld I've seen—  
There are twa kinds o' men.

3.

Now dinna think that I'm gang  
The better ane to name—  
I like 'em baith the same.  
But I think ye're a wee bit wrang.

4.

There are twa kinds o' men.  
But here—I said that before.  
So I'll tell ee "de bon coeur"  
How your sayin' should hae been.

5.

To some men, mony a farce  
Is a fine sonsie proposition  
And time spent in bonnie digression,  
Providin' it's proper, of course.

"A'"—all  
"dinna"—don't  
"ken"—understand  
"gang"—going  
"ane"—one  
"baith"—both  
"wrang"—wrong  
"hae"—have  
"sonsie"—pleasant

6.

Like Angus wha was strang and smug  
And though I dinna hold 'm to scorn—  
Methinks 'm too fond o' John Barleycorn—  
And of sippin' nappy in glass or jug.

7.

Now I grant thou he's a brawnie skellum  
But he ne'er wad think the length o' day  
O' how he got here, so for him ye wad say:  
*Non cogito ergo sum*.

8.

But Duncan was a learned man  
Wha spent his time in readin' books  
And thinkin' o'er the scholars' works  
To see an the warld had onie plan.

9.

Sic a man searched his warld and bosom  
To find ane meanin'. But, alas! There's  
naught.  
So he could na help but say that  
*Cogito ergo non sum*.

"wha"—who  
"strang"—stray  
"nappy"—ale  
"brawnie skellum"—strong rogue  
"wad"—would  
"an"—if  
"onie"—any  
"sic"—such  
"na"—not

## Nightmare in Red

B. MELNICK '58



SOMETIME ago I watched "Nightmare in Red," a television documentary that depicted the rise of Russian communism from the first unsuccessful anti-czarist revolt in 1905 to the Iron Curtain of today. The propagandizing voice on the screen had charm, personality, dignity, humility, was psychologically contrived to hold one's attention; but I was continually distracted from that unctuous baritone by other coarse, foreign, less sophisticated voices.

I could hear the voice of a Pole I had recently met, speaking of the Second World War, "Russian, yah — good man. You hungry — Russian hungry — Russian gif you food." And the voice of an old lady I knew, telling of Czarist days, "The Czar set all Jews shoot be kilt. An' ther vas no place I coot go, an' ven the soldiers came, I knew I vas going to die; but then Anna came — Anna vas Russian friend of mine, very goot friend. She set, 'Come with me'; an' she took me to a barn, an' I hit there for nine hours, an' ven the soldiers vent, she helped me come to America." And a strange voice, one I had never heard before, told me a story, about Nikolai Pavovich, the top

of whose head was seen for a fraction of a second in the opening mob scene.

Nikolai, who owned a seaside tavern in Petrograd, was unhappy; but all humans are unhappy. Had you asked him, he would have said that all he desired in life was a good family and enough money for food, clothing, and shelter with a few extra rubles for a friendly card game now and then. Had these wishes been granted, he would have desired a few more extra rubles for other amusements, or he might have sought a larger place of business or a more fashionable residence. This desire for wealth, of course, was not solely Nikolai's vice; it is the fate of all humanity . . . As things were, he was still seeking the money for that weekly card game, when his daughter Tanya announced that she was going to be married.

During the month that followed, Nikolai forgot his troubles. His living-quarters above the tavern were abustle with friends and relatives of bride and groom; Tamara, his wife, spent six hours a day working on her daughter's wedding-gown; Tanya sparkled with that indescribable glow of a

woman in love; and Nikolai, himself, in the midst of the excitement, forgot his melancholia and began to prepare for the role of tolerant in-law and doting parent.

The day before the wedding, Nikolai did not open the tavern. After breakfast, he went immediately to his bureau drawer and took out an old sock from which he removed one hundred rubles, over half his life's savings. He then set out to buy his daughter the best hundred-ruble wedding in the city.

Since the long walk to the shopping distract had sharpened his appetite, Nikolai stopped for lunch. As he ate, he engaged in shop-talk with the tavern-master, who agreed that the reason for the meagerness of their profit was the high cost of food. Said a young man seated beside Nikolai, "The reason for that is that the peasants don't have land; the Czar owns it. You give the peasants the land, and see what happens."

Suddenly they became aware of a growing roar without. A mob had formed, and at its head was another young man shouting almost the same doctrine.

"Down with the Czar! Land for the peasants! Earn your happiness with your blood! Come, my friends; down with the Czar! This is a cause worthy of your lives! Come, my friends; put an end to hard times!"

Something gave way deep within Nikolai's mind. Tomorrow was no longer his daughter's wedding-day; it was just another dark-gray day full of work, misery, and oppression. But that could all be changed! He could have those few extra rubles; he could be happy! With the unhappy tavern-master at his side, he rushed out to join the mob.

The huge army of warrior ants moved toward the palace, overturning carts, breaking windows, bowling over soldiers and policemen who got in the way. As it neared its goal, the Royal Guards were called out.

A strange, cold, empty feeling crawled

upward from the bottom of Nikolai's stomach when he saw the tavern-master fall, blood gushing like a miniature fountain from his temple. He wanted to run, but he could still hear the young man at the head of the mob.

"It's better to die than to live as a slave! You will not die in vain! Come, kill the Guards; overwhelm them! Show the wrath of a people oppressed! The time has come for freedom! Forward!"

Nikolai charged to the left, where he saw the white uniform of a Royal Guard. He came up behind the soldier, who had lost his rifle and was fighting off the mob with his knout, and grabbed his right arm. Others immediately took his other arm and his legs, and pulled. The Guard was dispatched.

A bullet missed Nikolai's head by six inches. Again he felt the impulse to flee. But now the young man had fallen; someone else was directing the mob.

"Flee! The battle is lost! Run; save your skins while you can!"

In that split-second Nikolai remembered. "I came here this morning to buy my daughter a wedding-present. What am I doing here? I just killed a man. What am I doing here?"

He turned and ran. Less than thirty seconds later a bullet lodged in the back of his skull. He fell clumsily, and a few gold coins spilled from his pocket onto the cobblestones.

After some sailors had told Tamara about the riot and Nikolai didn't return, she guessed what had happened. The wedding was not postponed (there would now be one less for a widow to support), but it was a bittersweet ceremony, with more than the usual tears.

Tamara sold the tavern and moved in with her sister. Today she is a very old lady who has seen war and death and many young men.



## Week-End Anabasis

HENRY ROMBERG '57

### Part 3

WE were approaching Haverhill. Friend Faber, stricken with a seizure of anticipation, was huddled, shivering violently, in the back seat of the car. Friend Drachman, in the front seat, kept nervously glancing at his watch, muttering, "It's getting late; almost five o'clock. I must get home . . . I must get home . . ." I drove on, although almost blinded by the sun; but I remembered an old trick the English used in the Great War: By opening both eyes for ten seconds and glancing at the road, one may orient one's self. Then one closes both eyes for a period long enough for the pupils to dilate (this oughtn't take more than forty seconds).

Author's Note—*Placing a later part of story at the beginning is a device used by many accomplished authors (like myself). This construction creates suspense, but confuses the layman (you).*

### Part 1

"Yes, Henry, you may have the car for the afternoon."

### Part 2

In ten minutes Eddie Drachman and Richard Faber were with me. (These are their real names, for I am not so trite as to conceal their true identity; in this respect, also, I am superior to Jack Webb.)

What shall we do? Where shall we go? Answers were suggested by one whose identity I shall not reveal: "Why not pay a visit to G . . . , our math teacher (Whose identity must be kept secret for obvious reasons)? After all, Haverhill isn't *that* far."

We gave the author of this brilliant suggestion a *withering sneer*\*; but, having nothing better in mind, we followed through.

Although the map said twenty miles as the crow flies, the poor conditions of the roads accounted for the fact that it took us most of the afternoon to get to the environs of Haverhill.

### Part 3

(See Author's Note about Part 3)

\*See *Mud Magazine*; Winter Issue

### Part 4

Haverhill is a backwoods hamlet peculiar to the hinterland of Boston. It is almost impossible to find a single address like — oh, say, 57 Groveland Street.

*"58 may be to your left and 56 to your right,*

*But nowhere is 57 Groveland in sight."*

— Old Yankee Proverb

In answer to our inquiry, however, one of the kindly natives directed us accurately to our destination.

### Part 5

There stood G . . . 's house. How rustic and beautiful! We piled out of the car and rang the bell.

The door opened; and before us stood an unshaven man, shabbily clothed but overflowing with mirth. Nevertheless, we immediately recognized our math teacher by his elegant and reserved bearing. He beckoned us to his parlor. After the usual patter (you know, "Nice weather, no?" and "I know pi to 21 places; I'll wager you don't"), he showed us around his dwelling. After careful observation of the abovementioned, we came to the conclusion that G . . . is not fundamentally a math teacher, but a carpenter. A model boat sailed on every windowsill and shelf. A do-it-yourself workshop was garaged in the East wing of the house. Carefully constructed china cabinets adorned the corners of every room. He had poured the floors, papered the walls, and plastered the ceilings. Comrade Faber wondered at the exquisitely designed and sturdily built man-sized cage in the den.

As all good things must come to an end, he gave us simple directions to get home and promised to play a game of chess with me (I had carelessly let it slip that I was on the Latin School chess team).

### Part 6

"Henry, I thought I told you to be back here by six — not eleven thirty."

### Epilogue

For those boys who do not have an analytical mind like mine, G . . . is *not* the master who lives in Room 433.

*Before Creation*

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL '59

*Silence and darkness prevail,  
As the cold, dark waters  
Of eternal night  
Lap upon the threshold of Infinity . . .*

*Mathematical probabilities,  
Determining all possible Futures,  
Whirl 'round the Rock of Eternity  
And coalesce into myriads of multiple  
parallel time-tracks . . .*

*Time, an intangible sword,  
Descends upon these waters,  
Cleanly severing every atom,  
And yet not actually touching one . . .*

*And the deep silence,  
Sharp and penetrating,  
Is shattered only  
By the rhythmical lapping of the waves.*

*The Battlefield*

A. H. MARTIN '56

*The blood-red sun rises above the hills—  
A fiery disc throwing its scarlet rays  
Onto the bleak, torn, and frozen ground  
Of a battlefield.*

*Here and there a jagged crater lies  
Torn in the earth by the blast of a scream-  
ing bomb.  
All is quiet now; the deadly shells  
Have ceased to fall.*

*Silhouetted against the scarlet sky,  
A mud-stained rifle juts up from the ground  
Beside the silent, pitiful form  
Of a uniformed youth.*

*His face, though torn with horror and  
surprise  
And streaked with mud, is still smooth and  
fair.  
Too bad—this boy from far away came here  
Only to die.*

*The sun is hidden now with leaden clouds,  
As slowly, silently, snow begins to fall—  
Mercifully covering this tragic proof  
Of man's inhumanity.*

## The Logician

WILLIAM JAMES SARILL '59

I trudged up the dusty old path toward the mean little hut, my mind intent on my purpose. Inside the hut sat a wizened old man in a trance-like state of meditation, his flowing white beard parted in the center. The most significant feature about him was the Pimple of Wisdom on his forehead.

"Master," I asked, "what am I?"

The aged teacher, the wisest *guru* in India, stared at me. His steely eyes pierced to the very substance of my body. He answered slowly, carefully choosing his words:

"You are nothing."

Sensing my disbelief, he asked me a question. "What do you think you are?"

"A human being," I answered, "having arms, legs, and a body."

He said, "How do you know these things?"

I replied, "I see them with my eyes; I touch them with my hands and feel my hands moving over them; I can smell them; I can taste them; I hear others talk of them . . ."

"In other words," the old man interrupted, "all you know of yourself and the world around you is the sum total of information gleaned by your imperfect senses. In reality, you are nothing but several billion differences in electric potential."

"But what are these differences in electric potential, as you call them?" I asked.

"They are individual high-tension fields



of energy, called atoms, and composed of Positive, Negative, and Neutral Twists of Nothing. The conclusion is obvious: if every particle of you is composed of nothingness, then you as a whole are nothing. You do not exist in a material state."

"Yes, but . . .," I stammered. I *had* to exist. But seeing his logic was irrefutable, I . . . vanished.

## All's Well That Ends Well

HENRY CHARLES ROMBERG, '57

HE came home — shoulders stooped, feet dragging. It had been a trying day — first, the Latin and French tests; then, the *Register* staff meeting; and, finally, the Greek exam. Monday was the deadline; it was Friday. He had to write another article for the magazine or be dropped from that most select of organizations — the Aardvarks.

Fighting the enticing charms of Morpheus, he sat down before his aged typewriter. Ideas drifted sluggishly through his mind. He placed his hands on the keys of the machine before him. Unconsciously, he wrote:

The day was hot . . . humid . . . unbearable. Two scientists pushed on. Their throats were parched; their feet moved of

their own accord over the steaming desert. Every minute seemed an hour; every hour, an eternity. What had prompted these two humans to brave the tortures of the Arabian desert? Money? No. They were looking for the tomb of the long dead Slobbovian monarch: Quiczxtle III. The day grew hotter.

What was that in the distance. An oasis? Our heroes are saved! With joy in their hearts, they rush forward to partake of the sweet waters they see so clearly before them. No, it's not a mirage. They fall weeping before the pool of clear, cool water and drink deeply.

It was a pity they didn't notice the two tigers crouched for the kill behind them. The hungry felines jump at the two humans, and . . . zzz zzzzz

At this point he fell asleep. When he awoke, it was Saturday morning. A change

had come over him. The world was brighter. He had forgotten his troubles. His headache had disappeared. He again placed his hands on the keyboard and began to type with gusto:

The first scientist, sensing something wrong, whirled about; and, raising the elephant gun he so conveniently happened to have in his hands, shot the two tigers dead. They stopped in mid-air and fell to the ground twitching. The second scientist, having risen, happily told of the rescue helicopter which he had seen come over the horizon. It soon landed and picked them up—but not before they had completely explored the tomb of Quiczxtle III, which the oasis happened to be cleverly concealing.

He ripped the manuscript from the battered typewriter and, with a half-insane giggle, shoved it into his math notebook.

## *Ode to an IBM Machine*

MARK JAY MIRSKY '57

*Oh, mighty I.B.M. machine —  
Infallible maze of whirling gears,  
Titan overseer of the twentieth century,  
Spewing neat little answers  
To life's complexities,  
Determining the destinies of men  
With mechanical sympathy,  
Shiny chrome idol —  
You lie!*

*How can you know  
The greatness of man?  
How can you measure  
The poet and philosopher?  
Logical, rational you may be!  
But where is your intuition?  
Where is the strain of tragedy  
In your mechanical depths  
Which links the souls of men?*

*Oh soulless judge of civilization,  
I will not yield my destiny to you!*



## *The Ant Who Wouldn't*

BURTON MELNICK '58

LIFE in the ant-hill of Brg was rigorous but secure. There were no enemy ant-hills within seventy sqvord and the Great Hill of the Giants was no closer than six hundred sqvord. If an ant did his job, he had nothing to worry about; and every ant did his job—until Roog came along.

Roog was born one day in the month of Skarmd, six days before the festival honoring Bork, the great ant who, as the fables said, had shown the inhabitants of Brg how to store food for the winter. For the first seven days of his life Roog was considered a child and was given no work to do; but on his eighth day he was assigned to the food-storage cavern. Here it was his job to drag the morsels of food from the cutters, who broke up the huge hunks of food into manageable portions, to the storers, who put the morsels into the storage compartments. When evening fell, Roog would take his allotted amount of food and withdraw to his sleeping compartment, where, after consuming his meal, he would retire for the night.

For a countless number of days Roog worked at this job. He was not an exceptional worker; but, since he accomplished what he was told to do and appeared to be a normal young ant, the Elders of Brg finally assigned him to a fodd-reconnaissance detail.

Roog's first trip outside the ant-hill was a revealing experience. In contrast to the drab sand of the ant-hill, the green grass and rich brown earth sparkled brightly beneath the early-morning sun. Roog felt a strange urge to see everything and be everywhere at once. He wanted to wander aimlessly through the rough grass, to roll through the cool, coffee-colored soil, and to bask endlessly in the sun. But he had to maintain his position in the close ranks of his task-force. As the detail marched over the soft earth, Roog looked forward in eager anticipation to walking through the damp grass; and, as he walked through the grass,

he felt slight pangs of regret to be walking no longer over the creamy soil.

When food had finally been discovered and the reconnaissance detail had completed its mission, a strange despair welled up in Roog. He knew that there would be other missions outside the ant-hill, but he did not want this one to end. There was so much to be seen and to be done, and he had seen and done so little.

In the days that followed, Roog's sense of despair increased. Each day at the same time he would assemble with the same ants at the same place; and they would march along the same route until they spotted some food.

Roog longed to see the rest of the world outside the ant-hill, but in his heart he knew that he would never be satisfied. He knew that the more he saw, the more he would want to see, and the more he would regret not being able to see and do everything all at once.

Each day he grew more despondent. Finally, he took his problem to the Elders of Brg. "What you need," said the Head Elder smiling paternally, "is a mate."

And thus it came about that Roog was mated with Wrdra, a strong young female. And indeed for a time Roog's despair disappeared. But, many days later, after Wrdra had hatched her first eggs, Roog began to wonder about what was to become of his children. Would they not undergo the same experiences he had undergone, feel the same despair he had felt? And was all this to be solved by the magic formula, "What you need is a mate?"

Again Roog went to the Elders of Brg. "O esteemed Elders, Roog, Head Food Scout of Brg, desires advice."

"Speak, my son," said the Head Elder with the same paternal smile, although Roog was almost old enough to become an Elder himself.

"Well, Sir," Roog began, choosing his words carefully, "again my heart grows weary of daily labors. Each day I depart

from my domicile and lead a group of young males on a food-reconnaissance detail. And each night, weary and dejected, I return, having seen no more of the world and possessing no more knowledge than I did when I was myself one of those same young males."

"And — my children — what have I given them? They will lead the same life as I, and they will have children, and they shall lead the same weary life. And in the end we shall all die, and what will we have accomplished?" Roog halted, feeling that he had stated his thoughts incompetently and incompletely, and yet unable to say anything more.

There was a short, awkward silence. Then the Head Elder spoke. "But, my son, we must do our daily work. Else we die. You know the rule, 'He who does not work does not eat'."

"Yes, Sir, but if we are to die eventually, why not now and spare ourselves the suffering?"

Immediately the Head Elder's smile changed to a look of shock. He held an excited conference with the other Elders. Roog was able to catch the words, "un-Borkian," "heretic," and "Driffian philosophy."

Finally the Head Elder turned toward Roog. "My son, you must have faith. Bork, our Preserver, gave us the knowledge to preserve ourselves, but kept the reason to himself. We shall learn that reason when we are ready to know it."

Roog was completely dissatisfied with this answer, but no ant ever disputed the words of the Elders. He said, "Thank you, Sires," and returned to his chamber and his mate.

That night Roog lay awake long after Wrdra had fallen asleep. What, he wondered, was the meaning of those strange words the Elders had whispered among themselves? Did they mean that he was not the only one to think such thoughts? But, if that were true, why were the Elders the only ones to know it? After all, how could they expect him to "have faith," when they kept to themselves ideas which concerned every ant in Bork? Suddenly Roog hated the Elders.

The next morning Roog led his food-re-

connaissance detail a few paces out of the ant-hill. Then he called a halt and prepared to speak. Actually, he wanted to deliver a stirring oration to explain fully the motives behind his decision, but, although at times he could be eloquent about trivial matters, he knew that he was extremely inarticulate about things he considered really important.

Therefore he said simply, "Fellow-ants, I have decided that it is useless for me to work. I shall, therefore, lie down right here outside the main entrance of the ant-hill, and remain here until I die of starvation. Grilg, you can take my place as leader of the detail until the Elders appoint someone else." Then he lay down quietly and closed his eyes.

The next day a delegation of Elders paid Roog a visit. "My son," said the Head Elder, "why do you do this?"

"You know why I am doing this, Sire," said Roog, the aloofness of his tone giving him a strange sense of superiority.

"Have you no faith at all?"

Roog wanted to ask the Head Elder about "Driffian philosophy," but instead he said, "I know what I'm doing, and nothing can change my mind, so please stop annoying me."

"Very well," said the Head Elder, with a calmness that was a great disappointment to Roog, who really wanted the Elders to continue to annoy him, "but remember, food is waiting for you the minute you decide to return to work." Then the Elders left.

The next few days were the hardest for Roog. Hunger knotted his belly and fogged his brain, and the thought that only his own will kept him from food made his suffering twice as torturous.

But in a way Roog was glad he had chosen to starve himself to death; for he realized that he did not possess that peculiar courage necessary for the single swift act of self-destruction, but, seeing that the death that he feared was an unknown, ephemeral thing, a thing that he could not fight, in its place he had substituted hunger. Hunger was real, could be fought; and, since hunger had now become the enemy, the death which was to follow assumed a secondary importance.

And, on the times when the icy fear of death came creeping up on Roog, he had another weapon; for he knew that this fear was an instinct, an emotion, an unreasoning thing, and he fought it with another unreasoning thing—pride. It was too late now to return to the ant-hill. His fear of the scorn, the smirks, and the stinging remarks of his former friends outweighed his fear of death. And so he waited outside the ant-hill, alone in his misery.

But, in a few days, his hunger grew so great that he no longer felt it; and his mind grew so dulled that Roog no longer even tried to think. Now, for the first time in his life, Roog knew true peace.

And as Roog grew weaker, the weather grew colder. One day, when he was on the verge of unconsciousness, a roaring blizzard descended upon Brg. Roog just barely perceived the swirling white flakes, the stinging wind, and the burning cold. Then he

passed into unconsciousness. When the end finally came, death was peaceful, painless, and unknown to Roog himself. The triumph he would have felt, had he been conscious to observe the fulfillment of his self-imposed mission, now was never to be enjoyed. It was buried deep within the recesses of his dead brain.

When Roog had first undertaken his fast, he had hoped that his name would be an inspiration to the young ants of Brg, a lesson in the futility of life; but today the old females of Brg point to Roog simply as an example of what happens to ants who refuse to work.

Still, perhaps, in several thousand years, when the story of Roog has been so distorted that Roog himself would not recognize it, there will be born another ant who will hear from the Elders of Brg the terms, "un-Borkian," "heretic," and "Driffian and Roogian philosophy." Perhaps he, too, will wonder.

## *An Electronic Man Friday*

ROBERT M. BARNETT, '58

HOW would you like to have a genie that could do your math home lesson in a second or write "I shall not talk" 6000 times a minute? Such a slave really exists and is in operation on the seventh floor of the John Hancock Building. Of course, the Universal Automatic Computer—UNIVAC for short—is not used for such trivia; instead it checks a half million insurance policies, or prepares paychecks for 5000 John Hancock employees in something like forty minutes.

The central computer of this electronic brain weighs nine tons and is made up of a million parts, including 5400 vacuum tubes, 18,000 crystal diodes, and over 200 miles of wire.

UNIVAC's main memory can hold 12,000 digits of information. The computer can carry out 43 separate instructions; and, to give some idea of its speed, can perform 1,905 additions, 465 multiplications, and 257 divisions per second, with numbers up to 11 digits in length.

Associated with the main computer is the

peripheral equipment of the UNIVAC. This includes 10 uniservos on which are mounted the magnetic tapes, each capable of storing every word of ten novels. The card-to-tape converter places the electrical impulses represented by holes in punched cards to magnetic spots on tape. It will convert 240 cards per minute, filling a 1500 foot tape with the information from 5,000 80-column cards in about 20 minutes. The converter is entirely self checking; it reads each card twice and compares the second reading with the first.

The high speed printer is able to print at the fantastic rate of 600 lines per minute on a line 130 characters wide, a total of about 78,000 characters a minute. In other words, it could print this article in just three seconds.

Sorry! Although we realize that you want to go right out and buy a UNIVAC, it is not for sale. However, if you so desire, one may be rented from Remington Rand Corporation for only 300 dollars—an hour, that is.



## *My First Declamation*

IAN MACDONALD '58

I was in Class V when Mr. X suggested I try out for Declamation, an opportunity I probably owed to my so-called English accent (really a Cape Breton twang, acquired while spending my summer there.)

"Declamation," I said brightly. "Do you mean, Sir, those boys that talk in the hall, and we miss Latin first period Friday by going to hear them?"

"Missing Latin isn't the main purpose of Declamation," replied Mr. X. "Just do as it says on the bulletin board. Present yourself in Room 322 at 2:15 p.m. Monday."

"Is that all I do, Sir — present myself?"

"No, of course not," Mr. X elucidated further, still calm but slightly irritated. "You have to memorize a poem or a piece of prose and say it in competition with other fifth class boys."

"What shall I say, Sir?"

"How do I know what you'll say? Really, boy, this is very trying. Oh, say 'Scots Wha Hae,' or-or-oh, just say 'Scots Wha Hae.'"

"'Scots Wear Hay.' What a peculiar title! Why did they wear hay, Sir, and where did they wear it?"

No longer calm and more than slightly irritated, Mr. X's voice trembled a bit as he answered, "It isn't 'Scots Wear Hay.' It's 'Scots Wha Hae,' and it means 'Scots Who Have!'"

"Oh but, Sir, if they mean 'Scots Who Have,' why don't they say 'Scots Who Have'? Why do they call it 'Scots Wha Hae'?"

"Forget the whole thing, boy. I was wrong! You are not the declamation type." Mr. X hastily entered a class-room. I heard the key turn in the lock.

"Where will I find 'Scots Wha Hae'?" I shouted through the keyhole. "Not here," came the answer in muffled tones. "Go home, boy! Go home!"

Home I went, still meditating on "Scots Wha Hae." I asked my mother if she had ever heard of "Scots Wha Hae." She not only had heard of it, but knew who had

written it, where to find it, and how to recite it. For the next week our house rang with "Scots Wha Hae." I did it with gestures. I did it in a Napoleonic attitude. I did it Churchillian tones.

Then the tryouts. My Churchillian tones must have done the trick, for much to my surprise I was selected to represent Class Five.

If the house had rung with "Scots Wha Hae," it bellowed with "The Last Gladiatorial Fight," my selection for the Class VI event. The neighbors complained of the "yelling," but my mother proudly put them in their place.

"Out of four hundred boys in Class V, he has been picked to take part in Declamation." (I never heard her say that there were only four boys at the try-outs.)

Then it happened! The day before Declamation I sprained my ankle. The nurse called my mother and then said to me, "Your mother seems quite perturbed! I assured her it wasn't serious, but I believe she was crying. Poor woman!"

I rather suspected why Mother was so upset, and my suspicions were verified when like a ship in full sail she hove into view as the nurse and I were painfully progressing toward the hospital. I know the nurse expected her to ask if I was seriously hurt, if I'd be crippled for life, if I'd live — anything but the unfeeling query, "Will he be able to walk to-morrow? He's got to. It doesn't matter if he's home for a month afterward; he must walk tomorrow!"

The doctor who bandaged my ankle advised complete rest for two days. My mother paid no attention.

My hair had to be cut before the great day, and when my mother told the barber the sad tale, the sympathetic man at once produced a cane. This was the last straw. I rebelled. I said I would not appear at school with a cane — especially the barber's cane.

The next day, however, I presented myself for Declamation — armed with aspirin and the barber's cane.



My coach, the patient, long suffering man who had been assigned to pilot me through my first Declamation, had said to me, "Don't be nervous. The boys listening to you are only sixth class boys. They aren't at all critical. They won't notice mistakes."

I muttered these words to myself as, minus the cane, I ascended the stairs to the platform. Then I realized the GREAT MAN was bowing in front of me. What to do! I nodded, walked to the middle of the stage, turned stiffly and then glanced at the audience—millions of faces, all of them gazing at me, leering at me! Class Six boys! These were mental giants, awe-inspiring

critics! For one dreadful moment I feared I wouldn't be able to say one word.

Summoning strength I didn't know I possessed, I opened my mouth and, to my horror, heard myself cackle dryly, "Scots Wha Hae wi Wallace—" Hastily I corrected the line and began shouting the first words of "The Fight." To my amazement no one seemed to notice my blunder. At that moment I knew what my coach had meant when he said, "They won't notice!" The scales dropped from my eyes, and I saw the audience as they really were—bored, restless, Class Six boys; and that's just the way I left them—bored and restless.

My first Declamation was over!

## *Fragment of a Variation on a Theme of Homer*

KENNETH R. BURNS, '57

1.

*Enraged Achilles advanced upon the Trojan  
strand  
Embittered at the loss of Briseis Fair.  
He stood—all steel and fury—with spear  
in hand,  
Searching for one this list of war to dare.*

2.

*And then from the Amazon's shrinking  
ranks  
Came Penthesileia whose breastplate  
matched her cheek.  
Achilles awaited her near Simoin rocky  
banks.  
Eager—he struck the earth with an iron  
cleat.*

3.

*The setting sun was fading on the battle  
there.  
And—being woman—she thought he bat-  
tled her for quest.  
Until she slipped—and gripping hard his  
spear,  
He drove it fast within her armored breast.*

4.

*Just as an Autumn-leaf (blown from a  
branch) falls,  
So did she.  
Fixing her eyes—bewildered—upon his  
own.  
And there—within her face—he first saw  
the Beauty.  
And lo! Even Ares winced at Achilles' dy-  
ing moan.*



## *"May I Use Your Phone"*

WALTER H. KELLEY '58

HE drove through the night, his lights a blazing glaze on the road in front of him. It was a detour, and he had no idea where it would take him. Certainly it never occurred to him that it was a detour to a strange fantasy!

He was sleepy, his eyes closing. He smoked, hummed a popular tune, to keep from sleeping as he drove. "Strange," he thought, "though I've never been over this detour, it seems strangely familiar." He speculated for a while, his interest keeping his mind alert. Presently the focal point of thought swam away; lethargy stole over him. His eyes closed.

There was the noise; then silence without movement. Presently movement began. A hand reached out through broken glass, and he crawled from the wreckage. He was shaken, bruised, but otherwise unhurt. He stood swaying in the moonlight, his eyes gazing into the uncertain vision of deserted road, the empty woods. Then, through the trees, he saw the yellow windowlights fanning out against the night's blackness.

He staggered towards the house. A cloud slid over the moon, turning the night to pitch. Somewhere in the distance a dog howled . . . He rang the bell. Slowly the door opened.

"I'd like to use your phone if I may, to call a garage. Do you know the number of the nearest . . . ?" "We don't have a phone," interrupted the eerie-looking host.

"Do you have a car? Perhaps you could run me to the nearest garage. I'd pay you . . ."

"We have no car," came the answer, in a toneless voice. Suddenly the room was filled. "We have been waiting for you. Our scientists need a human to study; that's

why we're here." Strange, pale faces grinned at him invitingly. "We are the result of clever plastic surgery by our scientists to make us look like humans. You made it easy for us; thank you for coming."

"What is all this?" he demanded. "I've just had an accident, I'm in no mood for humor." As he spoke, he began moving towards the door.

"The door has been sealed automatically. This whole house is a ship, made to appear like a house for our purpose!"

"You're not holding me," he screamed, rushing for a flight of stairs, quickly disappearing within.

There was a room at the head of the stairs and a window. He rushed to it, but he was too late. A metal sheet was quickly sliding over it from the outside. He ran to another window. It was the same . . . blocked. Then he heard the hum, felt the vibration of the walls, the floor under his feet. He must escape quickly, or it would be too late. The motor sound filled the whole house now! The vibrations shook the walls.

Suddenly he noticed a trap door. Opening it, all he could see was a lurking darkness. Seeing no other way out, he stepped through. His feet felt nothing . . . emptiness! He plunged down, down through blackness . . . Movement stopped. Consciousness fled away. Then, slowly, his senses returned. He was shaken, bruised, but otherwise unhurt . . . Through the trees he saw the yellow window-lights fanning out. A cloud slid over the moon, and a dog howled. He approached the house and then rang the bell. The door slowly opened; it all seemed familiar to him, as if he'd been through the whole thing before —

"I'd like to use your phone if I may . . ."



## *An Interview With Dr. Killian*

JOHN A. KAPLAN '57  
and JASON M. BERGER '58

RECENTLY the *Register* applied to the office of the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a personal interview. Since scientific fields seem to be expanding rapidly, opening up numerous vocational avenues to the students of American high schools and colleges, it was hoped that Latin School boys might be better informed through this interview.

Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was born in Blacksburg, South Carolina, on July 24, 1904. Graduated from Duke University with a Master of Science degree in 1923, he received an honorary Doctorate of Science from M.I.T. in 1926. In 1953, he received a Doctorate in Engineering from Havana University. He is currently the Vice President of the American Society of Engineering Educators, and a member of many distinguished clubs. Dr. Killian recently served his country as a technical advisor to President Eisenhower. He is included in almost every "Who's Who" published, and is truly one of America's most distinguished university presidents.

The interview began with the question: "What benefit do Latin School boys derive from their study of foreign languages?" Dr. Killian replied that the United States has vital commitments and responsibilities abroad; consequently, there is a great demand for scientists and engineers with linguistic ability.

When asked why M.I.T. was putting more emphasis on "Humanities" courses (history, literature, philosophy, sociology, etc.) Dr. Killian commented: "There are very compelling reasons for this emphasis. This period, being predominantly scientific, requires the engineer who knows how to work with people. Since science and engineering have a great effect on our lives, scientists and engineers must therefore have a greater understanding of the social forces of our society.



"Industry and government are pressing the colleges for men of more advanced education and analytical powers. They are looking for men with a fundamental, integrated education in science and engineering and the humanities rather than men specialized in some field of technology at the expense of the fundamentals. Employers want more scientists and engineers, but they do not believe they are meeting their needs by employing narrowly educated ones.

"The engineer must know how to work with people. One of the great activities of engineers is to manage large scale enterprises which involve human beings of every level. Thus, the engineer, since he will eventually get into management problems, needs not only technical knowledge, but also knowledge of human relations.

"In our institutes and schools of technol-

ogy, there is a vision of a new kind of university built around science and social technology rather than classical studies, but embracing the arts, the social sciences, and the humanities as essential and equal partners in its corporate aims and culture."

Concerning requirements for admission to M.I.T., Dr. Killian said that the chief factor is the applicant's subject and college board marks, but he added that extra curricular activities and other personality factors are also carefully weighed before acceptance.

The president said that despite the shortage of scientists and engineers, there can be no lowering of standards. He believes that much of the flight from science at the

secondary school level has resulted from the fear of science as a difficult subject of study. Dr. Killian broadened his comments at this point and said he suspected that now-a-days the tendency in schools is to disregard somewhat the intellectual pupil in favor of the so-called "well-rounded" one. He feels that intellectuality should be at least as important as any other aspect of secondary school experience.

Dr. Killian concluded his remarks by saying that there is a steady demand for people possessing a greater and deeper understanding of both social and technological problems and that the scientific mind must also be equipped to probe the values that underlie technological progress.

## *The Day*

BURTON A. MELNICK '58

The Day has come:  
The day that is no more a day,  
The day that burns with blood-red air,  
The day that stifles thought and action.

Fierce scarlet flames envelop all  
And leave behind the chastened ashes.

Today is the day of fury unleashed,  
Awaited for decades, desired for centuries.  
The Day of Flames at last has come,  
And Peace shall reign on Earth.

## *Dreams*

MARK J. MIRSKY '57

A maze of nerves,  
A confused network of impulse  
Pushing at the seams of consciousness—  
Erotic cries in the night.

Shadows flitting  
For a corporeal second,  
And then dissolving.  
And then dissolving  
Into the great bubbling cauldron of the  
unconscious.



# Classical Capers

GERALD C. DAVIDSON, '57

How good are you in Latin? Wait! Don't rip up this page yet! Give me a chance! The following puzzle is designed to find out how much you know about the language we so zealously study.

Just below are some sentences. Translate just the *italicized* parts and print the answers in the spaces below each sentence.

## I

1. *Were Caesar to come*, he would conquer.  
( ) □ □ □ □ □
2. The soldiers *are being given* a reward.  
□ ( ) □ □ □
3. I came, I saw, *I conquered*.  
□ □ ( ) □
4. *Let her rule* the city!  
□ □ □ ( ) □
5. The messenger *informed* Caesar.  
□ □ □ □ ( ) + certiore
6. Catiline's desire for women who *loved* the nightlife of Rome made him quite notorious. (use participle)  
□ □ □ □ □ ( ) □ □
7. Ships of *very bad* sailors seldom reach port.  
□ □ □ □ □ □ ( ) □ □ □
8. Cicero said that, if the citizens *were not to save* the city from Catiline, they would all die.  
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ ( ) □

## II

The definition of this word is: he is a *hard* teacher of English.

1. Cicero learned that all the conspirators *had gone* to Catiline's house.  
( ) □ □ □ □ □
2. The soldiers were about to storm the *citadel*.  
□ ( ) □ □ □
3. They pitched camp at *the bottom* of the hill.  
□ □ ( )
4. "The conspirators are just acting as though they *love* Rome," Cicero insisted.  
□ □ □ ( ) □
5. It was necessary to punish the guilty *citizens*.  
□ □ □ □ ( )

## ANSWERS

1. Veniat  
2. datur  
3. vic  
4. regat  
5. fecit  
6. amantium  
7. pessimorum  
8. servarent  
And ain't it da truth!

1. Ivisse  
2. arcem  
3. imo  
4. amen  
5. cives

## *Our Lords and Masters*



PAUL JOSEPH BOYLAN

**M**R. BOYLAN, who teaches science in 316, was born in Worcester and now resides in Newton. He received his high school education at English High, and attended Boston College, Teachers' College, University of Chicago, and Harvard, receiving his B.S., M.S., and M.Ed. He served as a Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy in World War II and is now in the Naval Reserve. The father of three boys and two girls, Mr. Boylan spends his spare time on his favorite hobbies, wood working, golf, gardening, and making money.

Mr. Boylan comments: "In general, the Latin School boy is a high type of student whom it is a pleasure to teach." In regard to improvements in the Latin School, he is in favor of biology as an elective, physics in Class II, and chemistry in Class I. Questioned about politics, he replied that he is a firm supporter of "the party which is cognizant of the needs of the common man." On teen-age drivers: "They should be guided, helped, and restrained." His advice: "Don't try to get something for nothing, the jails are full of people who tried."

JOSEPH LEO McNAMARA

**M**R. McNAMARA, who teaches English in 129, was a member of the class of '27 of the Latin School. He graduated from Harvard with an A.B. and an A.M.; in 1943 he was awarded a Litt.D. He began teaching at Latin School in 1949. Now residing in Roslindale, he is the father of two children. He devotes his extra time to his hobby, book collecting.

Mr. McNamara is of the opinion that if curriculum changes should be made, courses in creative arts and drawing and painting might well counter-balance language study. He also proposes the addition of more science and history. When questioned about "rock-'n'-roll" he replied, "We had the same kind of lunacy when I was young. Every generation has its own fads." He also stated that he enjoys "Dixieland." When asked about Elvis Presley, he replied emphatically, "No comment." On teaching as a career: "The teacher is the least appreciated professional man in the world. I would not advise it. If twentieth century society rewards the driver of a beer truck twice as much as a teacher, why recommend economic martyrdom." In regard to science fiction: "I enjoyed it as a boy, and stress it now for its value in building vocabulary. All B.L.S. boys need a much wider reading background." His constant words of advice are, "Read, read, read!"





### *Latin Smothers Memorial*

*September 28, 1956*

In today's game, the only appropriate word for describing the Purple is "powerful." Latin exhibited a potent ground and air attack. Although Memorial is not considered strong, its number one threat, "Joe" Burke, was easily contained by the Latin defense.

"Bob" Corvi and Frank Crosson combined to account for three of the Latin touchdowns. Crosson's speed and deception kept Memorial completely off balance. Corvi was threading a needle with his passes.

"Slash" Johnson took over where he left off last year. Whenever the Purple needed a yard or two, "Slash" delivered. The fourth member of Latin's backfield, "Joe" Deyesso, showed fine promise and should improve as the season progresses.

In addition to Crosson's scoring, Corvi

and Johnson contributed to the touchdown parade. A glance at the other teams in the conference shows that "Pep's" charges should come up with another successful season.

#### *Pigskin Patter*

Latin's two sophomore linemen, "Walt" Kelley and "Ernie" Zissis, play heads-up football . . . The Latin tradition of having at least one outstanding lineman every year is not failing. "Bob" McCool should fill Frank Rowen's spot very well.

LINEUP: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes; L.G. Zissis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke, Tacelli; R.G. McCool, Mourginis; R.T. Reilly, Basile; R.E. Swepson, Rosenthal, Sorin; Q.B. Corvi; L.H.B. Deyesso, Green; R.H.B. Crosson, Mancini; F.B. Johnson, George.

***Purple Blanks Technical****October 5, 1956*

Hard running by "Slash" Johnson and "Dave" Swepson and the passing of "Bob" Corvi paced Latin as the Purple trounced Technical. A dazzling punt return by "General" Swepson sent Latin winging to victory.

During the first period, the teams exchanged punts as defense monopolized the play. In the middle of the second period, the Artisans were forced to kick. Frank Crosson gathered it in, and the panic was on. Frank raced laterally cross the field and gently placed it in the arms of Mr. Swepson. "Dave" tucked the leather under his arm and, with the help of some beautiful blocking, raced 61 yards down the sidelines for a touchdown.

Apparently the Technicians had been warned of Frank Crosson. Every time Frank went downfield, he was covered by two men. Tech, however, neglected the other Latin receivers. Corvi used this to advantage. In the third, "Corvi" faded back and threw to Swepson. And the score was 12-0.

While the Latin backs were performing their heroic deeds, the Purple's stone-wall

defense kept Technical in check. "Mike Reilly was terrific as time and time again he broke through to smother Tech runners in their tracks.

In the last period, "Slash" Johnson conducted his own personal march. Taking the ball on almost every play, "Slash" ripped off huge chunks of yardage. Finally, he scored from the 5-yard line. Corvi converted to make it 19-0.

*Drops From the Shower*

So far, "Slash" has been slowed down by a bothersome ankle injury. With one foot, however, "Slash" is as good as most backs with two. On Swepson's touchdown jaunt, not one Tech player was left standing, testimony to the Purple's superb blocking. Next week — B.C. High.

LINEUP: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes; L.G. Zissis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke; R.G. McCool, Mourginis; R.T. Reilly, Basile; R.E. Swepson, Lauria; Q.B. Corvi; L.H.B. Deyesso, Blanchard; R.H.B. Crosson, Brenci; F.B. Johnson, Breen, George.

***Latin Buries B.C. High****October 12, 1956*

The unbeaten Purple and White cut burly Boston College High down to size, 31-15. On their first two offensive efforts, Latin's speedy and powerful backs sparked touchdown drives, as Latin sped away to a 13-0 lead.

In the first period, with "Slash" Johnson and "Joe" Deyesso doing the bulk of the carrying, the Purple drove 64 yards for a touchdown. Deyesso scored on a three-yard plunge. During this march, Corvi mixed up his plays nicely and had the B.C. High defenders talking to themselves.

Frank Crosson was on the receiving end of two smooth Corvi aeriels. In the initial quarter, Frank took a short flat pass and raced, untouched, 70 yards for the score. In

the second quarter, Corvi fired a 16-yard end-zone pass to Crosson. Without minimizing the efforts of Corvi and Crosson, it must be mentioned that "Bob" had all the time in the world to get off his passes, thus enabling him to throw more accurately.

The second half was featured by Latin's offensive power. With Deyesso and Johnson ripping holes in the B.C. High line and with Crosson and Corvi as a passing threat, the Purple scored almost at will. In the third period, Corvi sneaked over from the 1-yard line to culminate a 75-yard drive. Latin's final marker was registered by Deyesso as he took a pitchout from Corvi and raced ten yards into paydirt. Final score: 31-15



*My Dreams*

Imagine having "Bobo" Gray and Frank Crosson in the same backfield. It's a shame "Bo" was injured, but let's hope he resumes playing in college. Imagine having "Bob" McCool, Frank Casey, and Frank Rowen playing together. Opposing backs would be seen shaking in their boots if this trio were ever in the same line . . . To take a quote

from one of our leading newspapers: "See you around and about."

LINEUP: L. Powers, Blase; L.T. Laird, Basile; L.G. Zissis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke; R.E. McCool, Haynes; R.T. Reilly, Falvey; R.E. Swepson, Wallace; Q.B. Corvi; R.H.B. Crosson, Breen; L.H.B. Deyesso, Green; F.B. Johnson, George.

*Purple Trounces Trade*

October 18, 1956

November 17, 1955. That was a memorable day in the annals of the Latin School. On that day an upstart Trade eleven jolted a previously undefeated Purple squad. About one year later, Latin was again riding without defeat. Again they were facing Trade. This time there was not a doubt about the outcome.

With senior halfback Frank Crosson heading a potent ground attack, the Purple and White ground out a decisive 32-7 victory. Fleet Frank went 64, 51, and 18 yards for touchdowns.

During the first half, it looked as if another upset was in the making. Try as they might, Latin could not score, although they completely outplayed the Mechanics. Finally John Haynes broke through to block a Trade kick. This was the break that Latin needed. On the very next play, Crosson scampered 18 yards for a touchdown. The first half ended with Latin in front 6-0.

Latin pushed across a pair of markers

in each of the last two periods. Crosson took a pitchout and raced 64 yards down the sidelines to make it 12-0. With the benefit of some devastating downfield blocking, Crosson went 51 yards for another score. Latin's final two touchdowns were scored by "Slash" Johnson and Bob Brenici.

*Pigskin Patter*

This was Latin's sweetest victory of the year. It now looks as if the Purple will encounter no serious threats to the Intown Championship, as both Technical and English have already been defeated . . . The game ball was presented to "Bob" McCool, who was unable to play because of injuries. Plaudits to John Haynes and "Jim" Slovin for their heads-up defensive play.

LINEUP: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes, Falvey; L.G. Zissis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Tacelli; R.G. McCool, Higgins; R.T. Reilly; R.E. Swepson, Rosenthal; Q.B. Corvi; L.H.B. Deyesso, Green; R.H.B. Crosson, Mancini; F.B. Johnson, George.

*Latin Ties Brighton*

November 2, 1956

In a contest between two Boston Conference giants, Latin and Brighton played each other to a deadlock. Once-beaten Brighton received the opening kickoff and steadily drove downfield, but the Purple defense tightened and they took over on the "fifteen." The remainder of the period was a see-saw affair as neither team could strike paydirt.

In the second period, "Jack" Breen intercepted a pass deep in Brighton territory.

Latin, however, missed a golden opportunity as one of Bob Corvi's passes was picked off by an alert Brighton defender.

Latin opened the second half and with "Slash" Johnson carrying on almost every play, the Purple were well on their way to breaking the scoreless tie. Unfortunately, the attack stalled and the Purple lost the ball on downs. Latin, however, was not to be denied. "Tom Laird knifed through the

Brighton line to block a kick, and the Purple were on their way. A combination of Corvi's passes and Johnson's running brought the ball to the Brighton "two." From there Corvi bucked over for the touchdown. The all-important extra point was scored by Deyesso on a pass.

Things looked rosy for the Purple, but on a fourth-down-and-thirteen-yards-to-go situation, Brighton retaliated. As a long pass was just about to be deflected, an Orange and Black halfback leaped high in the air and came down with the ball and fell into the end-zone. The equalizing marker was scored on an end sweep. Latin threatened once more, but was unable to push across another touchdown. Final Score: 7-7.

### ***Latin Deadlocks South Boston***

*November 9, 1956*

The championship of Boston was at stake as South Boston and Latin met head-on. Before one of the largest crowds of the year, the fans were treated to an exciting, hard-fought game.

In the middle of the first period, "Bob" Corvi faked a handoff to "Slash" Johnson, who executed his part of the play with precision. "Battling Bob" faded back and threw a perfect strike to the waiting "Bob" Powers, who caught the ball and ran five yards into the end-zone. The Purple's sleight of hand, however, not only fooled South Boston, but also the officials. When Johnson dived into the line and was tackled, the men in black and white called the play "dead." In the meantime, however, Corvi had thrown his touchdown pass, which was ultimately called back. The Purple argued, but in vain.

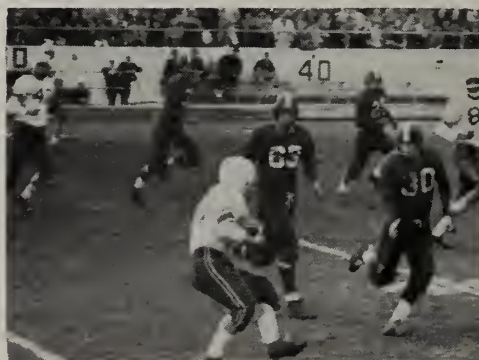
This unfortunate incident did not unnerve the Purple. Having been deprived of one touchdown, they determined to score again, and that they did. A sustained Latin march was culminated when Johnson scored from the "two." The talented toe of "Bob" Corvi made the score 7-0.

As in the Brighton game, the Purple was plagued by second-half "blues." The Latin linemen distinguished themselves, but "Mike" Shearhan broke away, and "Southie" was "one" down. Their attempt

### *Tie Game*

In the last few minutes of play, two of "Corvi's" desperation passes just eluded the outstretched arms of Frank Crosson and "Brad" Greene. Football is certainly a game of inches. Latin defeated Brighton 40-7 in 1954. What a difference two years can make. "Slash" Johnson distinguished himself despite the fact that his injured ankles were heavily taped. (A clutch performance by a clutch performer.)

LINEUP: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes; L.G. Zissis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke, Tacelli; R.G. McCool, Mourginis; R.T. Reilly, Basile; R.E. Swepson, Rosenthal; Q.B. Corvi, Lauria; L.H.B. Deyesso, Blanchard, Greene; R.H.B. Crosson, Mancini; F.B. Johnson, George, Breen.



for the extra point was successful, and it was even-all. For the rest of the game, the teams exchanged punts as neither squad threatened. Final Score: 7-7.

### *Drops from Heaven*

The Purple now appears to be a "shoo-in" for the championship, as they have now hurdled their two most formidable foes. "Bob" Powers played his best game of the year and would have scored, had the officials been more alert. Thus far, Latin has outscored its opponents, 120-41.

Lineup: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes; L.G. Mourginis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke; R.G. McCool; R.T. Reilly, Basile; R.E. Swepson; Q.B. Corvi; L.H.B. Deyesso, Green; F.B. Johnson, George; R.H.B. Crosson, Mancini

### *Latin Rocks Dorchester*

*November 13, 1956*

A strong Dorchester team, bettered only once this year, was topped by a powerful Latin squad, 19-12, over the Veteran's Day holiday at the White Stadium. The defeat knocked "Dot" out of contention for the city title and moved Latin closer to an undefeated season and the Conference crown.

Neither team scored in the first period as Latin displayed a potent defense, limiting Dorchester to one first down. Latin scored first in the second period on a 30-yard pass from Corvi to Crosson. Corvi kicked the point, making the score 7-0. Two minutes and 15 seconds later, Joe Deyesso scored standing up from the 7-yard line, making it 13-0.

Dorchester completed a third quarter pass for thirty yards and a "TD." Latin then drove sixty yards in nine plays, putting the ball on the "ten," as the period ended. Co-captain Paul Johnson, who was hampered by an ankle injury, moved the ball to the seven-yard line. Again the Corvi-Crosson duo clicked for a touchdown, putting Latin ahead, 18-6.

Dorchester scored again in the last period, this time on a wide end-run. Latin was

forced to punt after four plays, with Frank Burke getting off a magnificent punt, which travelled sixty-one yards in the air. Again Latin's defense held, and the clock ran out with Latin on the Dorchester forty-yard line. Final Score: Latin 18 — Dorchester 12.

#### *Drops From the Showers*

Latin's defensive unit is now rated the best in the league, which isn't unusual with such great ballplayers as Jim Slovin, "Harpo" Reilly, and Johnny Haynes in the line. The Corvi-Crosson combination has clicked for eight touchdowns to date, putting Corvi well ahead of the league in T.D. passes, and Crosson four points ahead of Southie's Mike Shearhan in the league's scoring race. Frank Burke's punting has averaged 42 yards per try, a real feat for any high school punter. Looks as if English will have its hands full on Thanksgiving Day. Good luck, Latinites!

LINEUP: L.E. Powers, Kirk; L.T. Laird, Haynes; L.G. Mourginis, Slovin; C. Kelley, Burke; R.G. McCool; R.T. Reilly, Basile; R.E. Swepson; Q.B. Corvi; L.H.B. Deyesso, Green; F.B. Johnson, George; R.H.B. Crosson, Mancini.

### *Hail The Champs*

*November 22, 1956*

The historic surroundings of old Braves Field provided the background, as the Civil War of Avenue Louis Pasteur was reenacted for the 70th time. The Purple and White of B.L.S. was a prohibitive favorite to defeat an oft-beaten E.H.S. squad. As so frequently happens in traditional games, an inspired Blue and Blue team exerted an extra effort to press the Purple to the limit.

English returned the opening kickoff to their own "35." On the first play from scrimmage, the hard-hitting Latin line caused an English back to fumble. Taking full advantage of this English miscue, the Latinites drove downfield to take the lead. The touchdown was scored by Frank Crosson

on a ten-yard pitch from "Bob" Corvi. The try for the extra point was low, but the Purple were in command, 6-0.

Meanwhile, a rejuvenated English defense kept the Purple at bay. In the second period, an 81-yard English drive was culminated when "Randy" Mullin scored from one yard out. The half ended with the score 6-6.

In the third period, the Blue and Blue broke through to break the tie. On a perfectly executed pass play, "Randy" Mullin, without breaking his stride, tucked in the pigskin and outraced the Purple defenders. An upset was in the making!

The Purple struck again shortly after English had taken the lead. English lost the





ball on a fumble on its own "40." Corvi then took to the air and was immediately successful. Corvi faded back and threw to the waiting Crosson, who outran the hostile secondary. The rush for the extra point was unsuccessful and the game was all even.

English roared back. They got down to the Latin "14," only to lose the ball on a fumble. A 65-yard Corvi-to-Crosson combination clinched the issue. Corvi kicked the ball squarely through the uprights and the Purple was in, 19-12.

#### *Perseverance*

Perseverance paid off for "Jim" Slovin, who, after having played in someone's shadow for three years, finally got the recognition he deserves. Perseverance paid off for "Mike" Reilly and John Haynes, who gobbled up the English fumbles. Their relentless attack on the Blue and Blue backfield was a major factor in the Purple victory. Perseverance paid off for "Brad" Greene, who came off the injury list to intercept an English pass that set up the deciding touchdown.

## *Junior Varsity Football*

The Latin School Junior Varsity Football Team opened its '56 season on September 25 with a hard-fought 7-0 victory over a strong Technical eleven. With near perfect football weather, the Purple scored early on a brilliant 35-yard end run by "Jungle Jim" Carey and held onto that lead throughout the rest of the contest. The extra point was rushed by "Bart" Blanchard around his own right end. Though there were no passes attempted, the Purple offense worked well on the ground. Both teams stood out on defense, with "Mike" Cohen and "Len" Lesser stopping Tech backs all over the field.

The Purple's second game was played on

October 2 against a hard-fighting Trade School team. Once again the scoring honors went to "Jungle Jim" Carey and "Bart" Blanchard, with the former scoring on a 30-yard end run and the latter adding the extra point. "Wally" O'Farrell caught the only completed pass for a twenty yard gain. The Purple defense again held their opponents scoreless, with Captain "Jerry" Falvey, "Len" Lesser, and "Mike" Schneider as the bulk of our defense.

The Latin J.V.'s suffered their first loss in the last five years at the hands of a determined Dorchester eleven. Possibly the



longest winning record for a J.V. team in the state was broken by a 14-7 score. Both teams scored once in the first quarter, but in the second quarter the play that virtually "broke Latin's back" was a 94-yard run by an unidentified Dorchester man. "Jungle Jim" Carey once again scored our only tally with a fine 50-yard run. "Bart" Blanchard gained continuously throughout the game and rushed over right guard for the extra point.

The Purple's next game with Roxbury Memorial was rained out, but on October 30 they rebounded from the recent loss to squeeze by a tough B.C. High team on a 7-0 score. "Jim" Lauria quarterbacked his usual good game and this time took the scoring honors with a quarterback sneak late in the game. The extra point came on a pass to "Jungle Jim" Carey who failed to score a touchdown for the first time this year. The Latin defense held, firmly keeping their opponents scoreless.

On November 6, the Purple successfully completed their season by edging out a strong English High team by a 19-18 score. English started the scoring with two fast T.D.'s, but "Bart" Blanchard retaliated with an end sweep for his first T.D. of the season. He also drove over his own right guard for the all-important extra point. The score at the end of the half was English 12 and Latin 7. English scored their third T.D. in the third period; and, going into the

fourth, it looked almost hopeless for the Purple. The Latin offense came through, however, with "Jungle Jim" Carey scoring twice; the first time on a 20-yard end run, and the second on a ten yard reverse. The Purple offense pulled off one of the best comebacks ever witnessed in J.V. football.

The offensive lineup: left end—Wallace; left tackle—Elia, P.; left guard—Casey; center—Costello; right guard—Lesser; right tackle—Falvey; right end—Rosenthal; quarterback—Lauria; right halfback—Carey; left halfback—Crowley; fullback—Blanchard.

The Players: ends—Wallace, Rosenthal, O'Farrell, Cohen, Divver, Tobin, Williams; tackles—Schneider, Falvey, Elia, P., Glynn, Levesque, Abraham; guards—Lesser, Casey, Larson, Prinz, Movitz, Dorgan; centers—Costello, Prefontaine, Sampson; quarterbacks—Lauria, Garibaldi, Bilodeau; left halfbacks—Crowley, Murray, Shea; right halfbacks—Carey, Frame, Elia, R.; fullbacks—Blanchard, Brown, Cibotti.

Inside the Huddle: The scoring honors went to "Jungle Jim" Carey who finished up the season with five T.D.'s . . . The Purple were very fortunate this year as they attracted good weather to most of their games . . . Much credit should be given to Coaches McCarthy, Fitzgerald, and Gumbs for turning an inexperienced group of players into a fine working team.

## *Crew*

Although only in its second season of activity at Latin School, rowing has already become a varsity sport and is rapidly becoming very popular among the in-town schools.

Crew activities took place this fall during the months of September and October, and will be continued this Spring. There were weekly races but these did not count in the competition for the city championship.

A crew of juniors and sophomores have performed outstandingly for their school

against the crews of Technical, Trade, and English, which are composed mainly of seniors. Tech and Trade are in their third year of racing.

Practice is held Monday through Saturday, during the rowing seasons, at the Union Boat Club on the Charles River. As the members of the crew well know, a great amount of endurance is needed to finish a race, let alone win it.

The captain for this year's crew is Bob Basile. (The captain for the '55-'56 season

was Tom Fidelle.) The coach is Mr. Fielding. The following members constitute the backbone of the crew: Basile, Bajoni, Keaney, Carangelo, Scopa, Salvucci, Piacentini, Smith, Waxman, Killian, Hughes, Guiliano, Donovan, Montgomery, Bruno,

Fallon, Ashman, Eumer, Capodilupo and Stone.

Our crew has ability and manpower, and its chances of winning the city championship in the Spring are very good.

## *Cross-Country*

Off with another thrilling season, the cross-country team strode back this year with another fairly strong squad.

Aided by the return of such speedsters as Bob Kirk and Chris Karimbakas (co-captains), the Latinites attempted, again and again, to perfect their team.

With its outstanding Junior runner, Joe La Marre, we can look for a much stronger team next year.

Inspired by such veterans as "Greek" Tallas, "Teddy" Butters, "Happy" Holbrow, Arthur Hasiotis, Pete Cashion, and Ed Anthony, the team fled to second behind Technical, 14-16, while Dorchester tallied with 31.

On Thursday, October 18, the City Meet was held: Joe La Marre placed sixth, while Bob Kirk placed eighth, followed by Tallas, Holbrow, and Butters. There we placed

third, following closely behind the English and Technical teams.

On Friday, October 26, in the Regimental Cross-Country Meet, we suffered another defeat against stronger and better Technical and English teams. Kirk and La Marre spearheaded the team by finishing well up in the top ten.

The State Meet on Saturday, November 3, proved to be the hardest of all. Kirk led the Purple and White, while La Marre, Holbrow, Schnaffer, and Butters followed close behind.

Of those not mentioned above, other great contributors to the team included "Weggy" Kramer, "Bongo" Gariefo, Mackin, and Friel.

The team consists of: Kirk, La Marre, Holbrow, Schnaffner, Cashion, Karimbakas, Hasiotis, Tallas, Gariefo, Anthony, Butters, Kramer, Mackin, and Friel.

## *Chess*

In response to the requests of many boys, the doings of the Latin School Chess Team will hereafter appear in the *Register's* sport section. During the past ten years, this organization has often brought the school countless tidings of victory. Under the keen guidance of Mr. Van Steenberg, it has become one of the foremost teams in the State.

This year, after a slow start (B.L.S. edged slightly by Technical), the team won its next two tournaments by a comfortable margin (B.L.S. defeats Newton, 6-4, and

Roxbury Memorial, 8-2). Ten more tournaments remain in the season. The Chess Team, under the leadership of Henry Romberg, expects to place first, as it has done many times in the past, in the interscholastic chess competition of eastern Massachusetts.

Outstanding members of the Chess Team this year are: Harmatz, Romberg, Kinburn, Kopelman, Margolin, Karthas, Ehrlich, Kelley, Vaicaites, Albert, Golden, Garber, Dong, Lee, and Onton.

# EDITORIALS

## *Jazz---America's Contribution to the Arts*

America exports many fine and varied products to Europe and the rest of the world, but by far the most popular of all is a form of musical expression known as *jazz*. For here toward the end of the last century, in the slave markets and the cotton fields, out of the Negro spirituals and work songs, the gospels and folk music, the sorrow and pain, the simple joy and the desire for freedom, was born America's unique contribution to fine art — jazz. From New Orleans it spread northward and was eagerly embraced by white musicians as a release from the fetters and limitations of written music, for it was in jazz that a person with an innate ability to improvise and a feeling for beauty could give his imagination full reign. The jazz musician is simultaneously both composer and performer, and his music is pure expression.

It was not until the Original Dixieland Jazzband played an engagement at New York's Reisenweber's Cafe, a famous restaurant of the social elite, in 1917, that jazz was recognized as an important musical influence. Then followed the early recordings, after which jazz was to be embraced on a world-wide scale. Certain exponents of the classical field also took a liking to the new music. The French composer Maurice Ravel was once prevailed upon to visit an obscure dance hall to listen to Jimmy Noone, a great New Orleans jazz clarinetist. That night it wasn't long before the maestro was exchanging with his own first clarinetist, who had skeptically accompanied him, and had remained open-mouthed during the entire performance, such exclamations as "Amazing!" and "Incredible!" Ravel reached for a pad to record, in musical notation, what he had heard, later realizing that though he had captured the notes, he could hardly begin to capture the spontaneity and feeling in the musician's performance.

Egor Stravinsky, another modern composer, also became a great jazz enthusiast and felt compelled to write a composition for piano entitled "Ragtime." Toscanini also found jazz very interesting. The lyric beauty of George Gershwin's music, as "Porgy and Bess" bears witness, was in no small measure due to the influence of jazz and Negro spirituals that the composer had heard in his youth. At one time, Serge Koussevitzky, the famed conductor of the Boston Symphony, had a standing order at the Boston Music Shop for all the recordings of the Count Basie band.

Louis Armstrong, "Dizzy" Gillespie, Duke Ellington, and other jazz artists have toured almost every part of the world and have played several command performances at various times before European monarchs. Several years ago, Louis Armstrong played a command performance in London for the royal family. Between selections, Armstrong turned toward the King, pointed his trumpet at him and said, "This one's for you, Rex!" to which the King smiled and waved his hand in acknowledgment.

Recently, Louis and his band concluded a world-wide tour in which they were received with such wild acclaim as no other artist, past or present, has ever known! This reaction prompted the remark that this country, in the face of her large expenditures for diplomatic propaganda, would do better by far to underwrite the European travels of leading exponents of jazz, who make the best good-will ambassadors. Jazz is a universal language that knows no iron curtains, for Soviet Russians have been known to cross over to West Berlin to hear it. In Paris, London, Amsterdam, Stockholm, Vienna, and the other capitals, "America's secret weapon is a blue note in a minor key!"



## *Should Eighteen-Year-Olds Be Allowed to Vote?*

### AFFIRMATIVE

JOHN THOMAS DALEY '57

THE 1956 election is now history. Nothing can be done that would change the outcome of it, and it will be four years now until the next election of a president. But quite a bit might happen in those four years.

Who can say whether the country four years hence will be at peace or at war? Who can say whether Americans will be dying on some battlefield? With God's help, such a situation will not arise; but nevertheless it could happen.

Wouldn't you want a voice in selecting our policies in such a situation? After all, under the present draft system it might be you on that battlefield. Wouldn't you want the opportunity to register your approval or disapproval of such an action, then?

It isn't military policies alone, however, that affect our teenagers, though that is

probably the most noticeable factor; we all know how we are affected by domestic concerns such as education, labor laws, and insurance rates. Since we are affected, why then shouldn't we have a chance to express our views on these issues?

It should be clear, therefore, that teenagers, since they are involved in these matters, by right should have the vote. Would this cause political anarchy, as some of our politicians seem to feel? The answer, of course, is no. Georgia and Kentucky already allow boys and girls eighteen years old to vote, and those two states apparently are still functioning smoothly.

Now is the time for an amendment to the constitution — one that will give eighteen-year-olds a say in their immediate future.

### NEGATIVE

WILLIAM KANTER '57

"IF he's old enough to fight, he's old enough to vote." No statement has ever more cleverly obscured a basic issue; no phrase has ever more dangerously misrepresented two fundamental problems.

The issue is not whether an eighteen-year-old man should fight for his country. Congress has already decided that for us; the issue is whether these eighteen-year-olds should be allowed to vote. History shows that an eighteen-year-old is an excellent fighter, but the inescapable fact is that this same segment of the population shows basic ignorance of government and apathy in regard to its functions.

In order to analyze this problem fully, we must look at it in two ways: We must first consider it by itself, excluding its relationship to other problems; and then we must also consider the problem in its true perspective. The issue of the fighter is a confusing factor in the understanding of the real question. I cannot sensibly invalidate

this contention, however, until I concretely point out why voting at eighteen must not, and cannot, become law.

In most cases, an eighteen-year-old adolescent is merely a high school graduate, or its equivalent, with very little understanding of anything but his little sphere of life. In the three years between eighteen and twenty-one, this adolescent completes his growth into manhood mentally and physically. I do not suggest that a youth has not seen or experienced many things, but simply that his capacity for understanding is limited, because he is still essentially a teenager and an adolescent.

It is indeed unfortunate that, although there are many eighteen-year-olds who are mature and well-informed, this type of individual is the exception in contemporary America, not the rule; and, since laws must be made to suit the majority of the people, not the minority, it is easy to see the fallacy of granting the vote to eighteen-year-olds.



## *What Can Be Done For Juvenile Delinquency?*

RICHARD FABER '57

JUST as the virus that causes the common cold cannot be seen under the microscope, the germ responsible for juvenile delinquency remains invisible under what might be termed the "social microscope."

Some maintain that children who come from poor and underprivileged backgrounds or from broken homes comprise the greatest potential source of juvenile delinquency. Are we to surmise then that the children of the wealthy are immune to this disease? About a quarter of a century or more ago, the nation was shocked by the murder of a young boy by two members of very wealthy and highly respected families, Leopold and Loeb.

Others maintain that the absence of parental love and guidance is a predisposing factor of juvenile delinquency. Many of the country's foremost psychiatrists, however, including Dr. Lauretta Bender, have stated that children have an amazing capacity to tolerate bad parents, poor teachers, and dreadful homes; yet despite these things they grow; only a small number are overwhelmed; and of these, a really small percentage become aggressive and delinquent.

Can we put the blame on obscene literature, suggestive movies, radio, television, or comics? At the turn of the century, communities were faced with the same type and with a comparatively similar number of juvenile offenders; and that was before the era of radio, TV, movies, and comics.

Is it a lack of religious training that accounts for all this youthful criminal activity? Children of highly religious homes have often been known to go astray and perpetrate acts of wrongdoing. Isn't it quite possible that these acts are often due to a rebellion against strained religious standards?

Mental illnesses have often been pointed out as the cause of juvenile delinquency. These cases, however, are comparatively few in number.

Not a single one of these factors can be truly considered the sole cause of this social

problem. Instead, it is more likely a combination of several contributing factors.

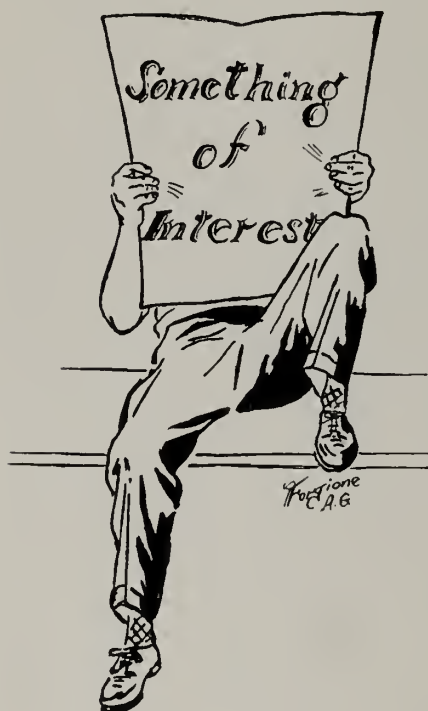
Now, what can be done about all this? Just as there is no definite medical cure for the common cold — for it must run its course, either toward recovery, or toward a more serious disease — so perhaps there is no cure for juvenile delinquency, once it has definitely claimed a victim; it too must run its course, for the confirmed delinquent is, at that stage, a problem for the police.

A person who is not gainfully employed and is constantly idle can easily fall into bad company, and like a person who comes into close contact with a cold-ridden group, may contract the disease.

However, a person who is gainfully employed develops a sense of responsibility and a respect for money and the things that money can buy. Such a person is hardly likely to damage the property of others. On the other hand, the vandal has no regard for property — it has no value for him; he has never earned it.

An effective deterrent from idleness and its associate evils is the social-athletic club. Acquired interest in club activities dedicated to public welfare and protection also makes for excellent preventive medicine.

These ideas are helpful, but by themselves do not solve the problem. A child cannot be forced into employment or into clubs, or be compelled to adopt a hobby or other type of pastime. He has to be interested; he has to want to take part. We can help him acquire that interest. Worthwhile organizations as well as hobbies, sports, and employment can be pointed out to the youth; and, if he comes into contact with these, he is bound to become an active participant: he will, so to speak, have been injected with the vaccine that prevents juvenile delinquency. In this atmosphere where resistance is high, he will realize the necessity of conforming to the dictates of society, which are prompted by a desire for the common good; and he will become a useful, responsible citizen in later life; for it has truly been said: "The child is the father of the man."



**D**URING the past two months, Latin School has been honored to have as its guests representatives from many illustrious universities. Among the schools which have presented their respective merits to the students are Harvard, Boston University, Boston College, M.I.T., Case Institute, Tufts, and Brandeis. The senior class would like to express its thanks both to Mr. Dunn, who has arranged these visits, and to the many universities that have shown us their kind consideration.

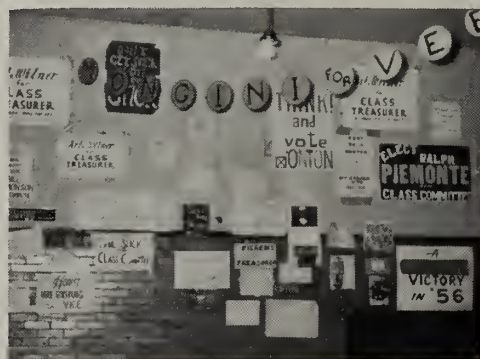
On Tuesday, October 16, in the wee hours of the morning, ambitious seniors equipped with scotch tape and step-ladders could be seen plastering the walls, floors, and ceilings of the third floor corridors with ingenious signs and posters. Because of the strict ban on risque campaign material, however, by mid-day about half of the signs had been discreetly removed. Raffoni's campaign was hit especially hard.

Some of this year's innovations included signs placed over light bulbs, foreign campaign literature written under the close supervision of Messrs. Levine and Van-

RICHARD SLIFKA '57

Steenbergen, and tearful pleas from candidates' relatives.

Winner of the *Register's* contest for best campaign slogan: "Let's not get stuck with Stuk."



Incomplete results of the class election were announced on Wednesday, November 7: elected to the Class Committee were Stuk, Tsucalas, Hasiotis, Hopkinson, and Kirk. Crosson was elected treasurer by a large majority. Since none of the candidates for the Vice-Presidency, Ginsberg, Mongini, and Swepson, received a majority, a heated battle is still raging. In the contest for the Presidency, both candidates, Wulf and George, received exactly 120 votes. Because of the difficulty involved in getting a majority, both have agreed to become co-presidents.

Perhaps many of our students who have come to believe that they know everyone there is to know are wondering at the many unfamiliar faces in our corridors. For their benefit we should like to introduce the following new masters: Mr. Buckley, mathematics, in 120; Mr. Gearin, English, in 218; Mr. Gavin, French, in 319; Mr. Touponzis, mathematics, in 224; Mr. Donovan, German, in 304; and Mr. Szczerban, mathematics, in 302.

On Friday, November 2, the First Public Declamation was held before a spellbound Class VI. The speakers were James Dolan and Joseph Arthur Greenberg of Class VI; Steven Myles Aronson and Gerald Hillman

of Class V; Michael Menitoff and Michael Monson of Class IV; Charles Korb and Neal Kozodoy of Class III; Anthony Francis and Jerome Siegel of Class II; and Herbert Ginsberg and Edward Pauley of Class I.

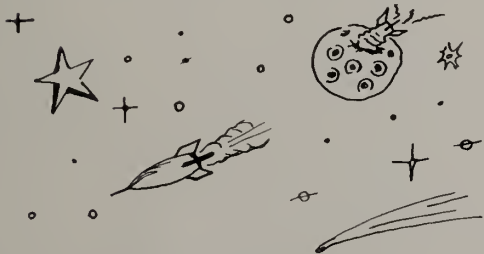
On October 25th, an assembly commemorating the eleventh anniversary of the United Nations was held under the auspices of the Social Science Club. Mr. David

Bernstein, a leader in the American Veterans' Committee and Mr. Christopher Phillips, a member of the U. S. State Department, spoke of the many accomplishments of the U.N. in the comparatively short period of its existence. The school would like to thank the two distinguished gentlemen for giving up their precious time and appearing before the student body.

## Martians

JASON M. BERGER '58

In a recent discussion held in the school science club, several theories concerning the enigma of our space neighbors were presented. The question is: **Who are they?**



Some say They come from OUTER space....



...OTHERS EVEN SAY THEY'RE THE "Flying Saucers."



Others say They're just a publicity stunt...



... Still others are SURE they've seen THEM....



There are those who INSIST ITS ALL IN THE IMAGINATION...



BUT they're ALL WRONG. I know. I AM ONE.



## Alumni Notes

JOHN A. KAPLAN, '57  
and  
BARRY B. KIRSCHBAUM, '57



PRESENTED to Abraham M. Sonnabend, '14, was the Gold Brotherhood Award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews for distinguished service in the field of Human Relations. Mr. Sonnabend is president of the Hotel Corporation of America and a leader in civic and philanthropic activities throughout the country.

Back again is Rabbi Joseph Shubow, '16, who was recently inaugurated president of the New England Zionist Region. Rabbi Shubow's new post will require much travelling throughout New England for the purpose of *explaining the Zionist movement and the accomplishments and problems of the State of Israel.*

Sumner Rodman, '31, recently became a life member of the Million Dollar Round Table of the National Association of Life Underwriters. Mr. Rodman also holds the position of president of the Boston Chapter of Chartered Life Underwriters.

Dr. Robert N. Dine, '33, was recently selected a Fellow of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. Dr. Dine received his M.D. degree at Yale University.

Recently appointed Dean of Faculty at the new U. S. Air Force Academy in Denver is Col. Robert F. McDermott, '37. Col.

McDermott is a graduate of both West Point and the Harvard School of Business Administration. Prior to his new appointment, Colonel McDermott was an assistant professor of Social Sciences at West Point.

Major George J. Connolly, Jr., '38, formerly assigned to Fort Devens, has been appointed an instructor at the Artillery and Guided Missile School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

A Social Science Research Council Fellowship has been presented to Clifton R. Wharton, Jr., '42. Mr. Wharton, who attended Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, intends to make a study of the role which capital and technology have played in developing the agriculture of Brazil.

Robert M. Gargill, '52, a recent graduate of Harvard, has been presented the Endicott Peabody Saltonstall prize for 1955-56. The prize is awarded to the senior entering Harvard Law School who is "best fitted to be influenced by Saltonstall's example and in turn to influence others."

Walter F. Donlan, '52, has recently been appointed to The Berkshire School where he will teach Latin. A *Cum Laude* graduate of Harvard, Mr. Donlan is presently a member of Headquarters Company of the 114th Medical Battalion of Mass. National Guard.

Chosen for membership in "Casque and Gauntlet," one of the three senior honor societies at Dartmouth College, is James Francis, '53. Francis, who stands 6' 8" and who won two varsity letters in basketball at Boston Latin, led Dartmouth to victory in the 1956 Ivy League competition. He led the team in points and rebounds and was named to the All Ivy quintet, second team.

Charles Paul Segal, '53, a senior at Harvard University, has been awarded the Bowdoin Prize for 1955-1956. This prize is given for the best translation into Latin of a specified passage in Norman DeWitt's *Epicurus and His Philosophy*. Mr. Segal seems assured of occupying a great deal of space in this column in years to come.





## REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS  
W. MOGAN

*September 13:* Here we are again. Ye R.R.R. is a senior; he wishes he were a Sixie.

*September 14:*

*September 17:* Fair Game Law #0001: No Sixies are to be hunted in locker rooms and corridors. Seniors, unite! Our feudal rights are being encroached upon.

*September 18:* For carrying out his feudal rights, Ye R.R.R. was today censured.

*September 19:* Bus Driver: "So you're fourteen? When will you be fifteen?"

Pigmy Ant: "As soon as I get off the bus."

*September 20:* I had one grunch, but the eggplant over there.

*September 21:* Overheard in 312 —

Master: "How high does air go?"

Blazer: "Sir, you mean up?"

*September 24:* Due to the foreclosure of the mortgage on Honest Abe's variety store, B.L.S. pupils will have to buy their scholastic equipment at Sparr's.

*September 25:* Censored . . .

*September 26:* Censored.

*September 27:* Ye R.R.R. was asked today to join the football team. He refused, however, because of his religion. He is an orthodox coward.

*September 28:* Ye R.R.R. just bought an English car, and his motor is super snazzy; it doesn't purr—it sneers.

*October 1:* Leaving the room for a minute, a certain master told the class to "keep quiet." A man sneaked in and stole seven dollars from the teacher's coat. The class kept quiet.

*October 2:* Overheard in 235 —

Master: "What's the central theme of *Macbeth* in one sentence?"

Zilch: "It's the story of a thane who went *inthane*."

*October 3:* Overheard in 203 —

"Quiet! How do you expect anyone to sleep?"

*October 4:*

A lass who went out with her beau

Said some things that were not apropos.

As he opened her door, she added one more —

And now she is minus a toe.

*October 5:* Definition — "Tact": a tactful word for dishonesty.

*October 8:* What cool Elvis in 114 is wearing brown suede shoes?

*October 9:* Ye R.R.R. thought he might take this opportunity to earnestly urge all boys in Class II who are now taking Greek to continue this study in Class I. It's well worth the effort. Don't you agree, Sir?

*October 10:* Overhead in 332 —

Master: "They're taking your pictures because sometime they might have to identify you."

Manhunter: "They gonna fingerprint us too?"

*October 11:* A certain English master in 235 wanted to stress the importance of brevity in writing. He promised five points to the boy writing the shortest possible essay on two of life's problems. The winner wrote, "Twins."

October 15:

Capt. Kelly to the new privates: "Just look at yourselves. Your shoes aren't shined, your ties are out, your hair isn't combed — suppose some country suddenly declared war!"

October 17: Coach: "What this football team needs is life!"

Mr. FitzGerald: "Oh, I don't know. I think thirty days would be enough."

October 18: After the recent admonition by the headmaster concerning speeding in the corridors and keeping to the right, Ye R.R.R. has decided to install traffic lights.

October 24: National Merit Scholarship test today. Ye R.R.R. can feel the money in his pocket now.

October 25: That wasn't scholarship money; it was carfare.

October 26: Overheard in 204 —

History master: "Name an early settler."

Dimrock: "Bicarbonate of soda."

October 30: Capt. Kelly: "Why don't you wipe the mud off your shoes?"

Pigmy Ant: "What shoes?"

October 31: Overheard in barber shop —

Barber: "How would you like your hair cut?"

Sixie: "Off."

November 1: 'Pep' to player, as pretty blonde Dorchester cheerleader passes bench: "There goes the school's leading pass receiver."

November 2: Dreaming along in 214 and the bell rings . . .

Master: "Will someone turn off the alarm clock?"

November 5: Re Class Elections — Ye R.R.R. is undecided whether to stick with Dick or to fake with Jake.

November 6: Glancing at the results of today's national election, Ye R.R.R. won-

ders if Jefferson was in his right mind when he advocated the extension of suffrage to the masses.

November 7: It is rumoured that a certain French Master will visit the iron works tomorrow.

November 8: What noted headmaster is visiting State Prison in conjunction with business education day?

November 13: Overheard in 322 —

Master: "There's a young man in this room making an idiot of himself. When he's finished, I'll begin."

November 14: Overheard in Teacher's Room —

Ben: "You know, there are only two people I really admire."

Jazz: "Really? Who's the other one?"

November 16:

*The setting sun, blood-red and fire*

*Slowly settles, floating down —*

*Then, an instant, burning brilliant,*

*Then vanishing, swallowed by the sea . . .*

*The vibrant days of spring;*

*The verdant moments of summer;*

*The hurried happinesses of autumn;*

*And a lone snowflake, then its brother,*

*And soon a million burying all;*

*And end in a deluge of cold whiteness. . .*

*Genius, Wit — wrenched from its rightful destiny*

*By the blind, callous hand of time.*

*Mortal, Immortal — all must concur with Fate.*

*My hand is stilled, my pen put aside,*

*For that Unseen Power, Author of all wordly things*

*Has declared today to be the DEADLINE.*

(My Ontogeny: Observe! —

Melvin Coznofski;

1929-1984)

*The Editors and Staff of the Register wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*



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